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TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

In the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low stripe of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstounness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. It was a day of gloom, scarcely different from night. The sky displayed that fixed dullness which so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sea was one sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by the breaking wave. The streets and paths of the little village-burgh showed, each by its deep and pebbly seam, how much rain had fallen during the night; and all the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with wet. Having secured the services of the official called the *bedral*, I was conducted to the abbey church, which is a very old Gothic structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a parochial place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy day, to inspect the outlines of abbeys and crusaders which still deck the pavement of this ancient temple; and there was matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection in the view of the adjacent mansion-house. Culross Abbey, as this structure is called, was finished so lately as the reign of Charles II., and by the same architect with Holyrood-house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. Yet, as the premature ruin of youthful health is a more affecting object than the ripe decline of age, so did this roofless modern palace, with the wall-flower waving from its elegant Grecian windows, present a more dismal aspect than could have been expected from any ruin of more hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the extinction of modern grandeur, and the decline of recently flourishing families, appealed more immediately and more powerfully to the sympathies than that of remote and more barbarous greatness, which is to be read in the sterner battlements of border tower, or an ancient national fortress. The site had been chosen upon a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the inmates might be enlivened by the ever-changing aspect of that element, and the constant transit of its ships; but now all useless was this peculiarity of situation except to serve to the mariner as a kind of landmark, or to supply the more contemplative voyager with the subject of a sigh. With a mind attuned by this object to the most melancholy reflections, I was conducted to what is called an aisle or burial vault, projecting from the north side of the church, and which contains the remains of the former lords of Culross. There images are shown, cut in beautiful Italian marble, of Sir — Bruce, his lady, and several children, all of which must have been procured from the Continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, when no such

art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, as may be expected by the greatest of personages, when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the hearse dead, I was shown a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word "*FUIMUS.*" Below was an inscription on a brass plate, importuning that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the *Guardian*, and alluded to in Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, and two centuries annihilated, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What! thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce, which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of its owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, and the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents:—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a serviceable minister to King James VI. during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his Majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry, Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while, from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court, any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce, though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend, Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet,* and destined to be the grandchild of another,† was one of those free and dashing spirits,

who, according to the accounts of contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or, more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession, were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could previously have been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a-hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of *spaewife*, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of the stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip.

"For heaven's sake, Sackville," said Lord Bruce, "take care lest she make us all repent of this. Don't you see that she is a spaewife?"

"What care I for your spaewives!" cried Sackville. "All I know is, that she is a cursed old beggar or gipsy, and has nearly caused me break my neck."

"I tell you she is a witch and a fortune-teller," said his gentler companion; "and there is not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say any thing to offend her."

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out—

"Ride on to your hunting, young man," addressing Sackville; "you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive; alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion."

* Lord Buckhurst.

† The Earl of Dorset, a poetical ornament of the court of Charles II.

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and, even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was, in some measure, unconscious—why, on the separation of their characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to each other with such devoted attachment.

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minuet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Jonson's court masques, Lady Clementina was alike distinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which so often attends the triumphs of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years, before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often then did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed about, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had had a street quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other "beggarly Scots." It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion, till his friend proceeded to generalize upon the character of these "beggarly Scots," and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country. "I will make no exemptions," said the infatuated Sackville, "and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back." Bruce felt very bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville, with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but "the milk of kindness." Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed a freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother; but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of an unrequited blow—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection that the injurer was his friend, and not at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcileable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had really felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between.

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman, of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. "What!" he said, "one might have as well have expected Castor and Polux to rise from their graves and fall a-fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the baster on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fame."

"Have you indeed heard," asked Bruce, in some agitation, "that any such incident took place?"

"Oh, to be sure," replied his companion; "the whole Temple has been ringing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper: And I heard it myself spoken of last week to the west of Temple-Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; but, for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account."

"It is," said Bruce with deep emotion, "too true. He did strike me, and I, for sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?"

"Oh, to be sure," said Crawford, "that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, love here or love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador; and Monsieur's first question was, 'Doth the man yet live?' When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell."

"Oh, Crawford," said Bruce, "you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly foredoomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event."

"You know best," said the careless Crawford, "what is best for your own honour." And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided.

The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample revenge; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, however previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy itself, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; insomuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only be to encounter greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other attachés of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly-married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the King and Queen. The two young men kept apart till they came to Canterbury, where, as the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him, at the same time, in a friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His Highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with his severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the cortège remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that, in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words "beggarly Scot" were alone overheard by Bruce, who stood at no great distance, and who immediately reprimanded by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood

could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the King regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollects the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once-intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced ease of demeanour in the presence of these beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news from Scotland, which rendered it necessary that he should immediately proceed thither; and he briefly detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparations for his journey, he came to take leave of her, but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother remarked this, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words "long and dangerous journey," his voice faltered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase (however little there might be now), that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whenever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days afterwards with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. She was in the garden when he arrived, and no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and with a half-alarm'd feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their mutual happiness should be put off for some time longer. "Thus," he said, "to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling." The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another he had turned away towards the emptiness of desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair grey—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands, leaving a challenge for Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the phrenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

"We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with

the Mr Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States' territories from the Archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that, in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it gain. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), 'that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.' Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butchery, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach more dangerous than otherwise). I requested my second to certify him I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, for about some two English miles; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became the victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, ankle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pop, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back—when being upon him, I demanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying, 'He scorned it.' Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon ajar off, cried, 'He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be.

This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me; when I escaped a great danger; for my Lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his Lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, wailing in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!' So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

"Louvain, September 8, 1613."

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman, who, but for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case (the body being buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom), and carried it with her to Calross, where she spent the remainder of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object always before her upon her table. After her death, it was deposited in the family vault already described, where it has ever since remained, the best monument of its own fatal history.

HOURS OF THE DAY.

In all parts of Christendom, or the civilised world (with the exception of Italy), it is customary to divide every complete revolution of day and night into twenty-four hours, reckoning twice twelve, and beginning the day precisely at midnight. Has it ever occurred to my young readers that this process of enumerating the hours of the day, and settling its commencement at midnight, are the result of conventional usage, and are of comparatively modern date? In ancient times the day was divided into twelve parts, and the night into four watches. The parts into which the day was divided consisted of portions of time, or hours, which varied in length according to the season. In that period of the year when the day-light remained longest, the hours were made 70 minutes in length; and when the days were short, the hours were of less than 50 minutes in length; when light and darkness were equal, the hours were of much the same length as they are with us. These proportions of summer and winter hours are of course stated generally, for they varied according to the latitudes of every particular place. It is, however, very uncertain whether the ancients began the day with sunrise, or with the first appearance of the light in the east. The four watches into which the night was divided consisted each of three hours in length. To determine the exact terminations of these watches, was a matter of great difficulty. The Jews, whom we may take for an example, kept watchmen, or servants, for the sole purpose of watching the stars; by the rising, altitude, and disappearance of which they tried to calculate the lapse of time. These time-keepers are noticed in the Books of the Old Testament, particularly in the 11th and 12th verses of the 21st chapter of Isaiah: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morn cometh, and also the night," &c. Among the Romans, each watch was announced by the sound of a trumpet. The Jews had this other peculiarity in the computation of their time; they began the day with the evening. ("And the evening and the morning were the first day.") Hence, till the present time, their day begins, as we would say, in the evening of the day before, and, as it happens to be, at six o'clock P.M.

It is not exactly known when the present mode of beginning the day at midnight first came into use; but it is certain that for several centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the Christians continued to compute their time after the manner of the ancients, in which case they would probably begin their Sabbath on Saturday at six o'clock in the evening, and finish it on Sunday evening at the same hour. It is understood that we are indebted to the Church of Rome for the excellent invention of beginning the day at midnight. As many of the church festivals were kept up to a late hour at night, and others began at an early hour in the morning, the middle of the night appeared the most expedient division between the two days. The influence of religion naturally induced a similar observance in civil affairs, and this division became a general rule. The only difference now existing in most Christian countries is that between mean time (that which is indicated by a clock), and apparent time (that which is indicated by a sun-dial). Mean time is generally used in England, but on the Continent apparent time seems chiefly to prevail. As the apparent course of the sun is not uniform as the motion of a good clock, it is evident that mean time, which never requires alteration, is the most convenient division. The Italians (I here quote from the Companion to the Almanack) follow a mode of computing time different from that which is in use in any other part of Europe, and which, although convenient enough for some purposes, is so much at variance with the true-going of clocks, and with the practice of other nations, that it seems likely to be abandoned at no very remote period. It is now, in fact, but partially used in the larger towns of Italy—most public clocks in Florence, Rome, and Milan, being set to the hour designated on French or English clocks. The Italian hours, instead of being regulated by the

coming of the sun to the meridian, as with us, depend on the hour of sunset, and consequently differ in every different latitude. The close of the day is considered to take place half an hour after sunset, from which time the hours are counted straight on from 1 to 24, instead of being divided into twelve. One o'clock is therefore an hour and a half after sunset, two o'clock two hours and a half after sunset, and so on for four and twenty hours. This strange custom is found very puzzling by English travellers. The division of the day among Mahomedans is chiefly subservient to the stated times of performing their devotions, and is not generally accurate. They begin their account at sunset, reckoning twelve hours from thence till sunrise, whether the night be long or short; from sunrise till sunset they also reckon twelve hours, and consequently a night hour is longer in the winter than an hour of the day, and in summer the hours of the day are longer than those of the night. At the equinoxes alone, all the hours are of equal length. The Chinese division of the day is as simple as our own, and not much unlike it. The Chinese begin the day an hour before midnight, and divide the twenty-four hours into twelve parts, of two hours each; instead of numbering the hours 1, 2, 3, &c. as we do, they give a different name to each period of two hours. The names of these periods are *tsoe*, *chou*, *yin*, *maw*, *shin*, *sze*, *woo*, *we*, *shin*, *yew*, *seo*, *hae*. The word *keao* is added when the first hour of each period is intended, and *ching* for the last. There are also words for the quarters, but it does appear that smaller divisions are reckoned. The Hindus divide the day into four watches, and the night into the same number; the day being considered to extend from sunrise to sunset. The watches are again divided into *ghurees*, or hours, which are each 24 minutes in length. The Hindus measure out and mark the ghurees in a curious manner. They provide a thin metal cup, through the bottom of which a small hole is drilled; the cup swims on the surface of a vessel of water, until the water, running gradually through the hole, fills the cup, when then sinks. The hole is made of such a size, that the water rising sinks it in 24 minutes. A sort of gong, or shallow bell-metal pan, called a *ghuree*, is hung up near the vessel, to be struck at the expression of each *ghuree*, which is known by the sinking of the cup. A man who is employed to watch the sinking of the cup, and to strike on the bell, is called a *ghureealee*. For the complete establishment of a *ghuree*, six or eight servants are necessary, who keep watch in turns. Such an expense, of course, is afforded only by the wealthy; but the sound of a gong is usually loud enough for a whole village, and serves the purpose of a church clock.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

The noble Scottish family of *Rollo* derives its origin from Richard de Rollo, an Anglo-Norman, who settled in Scotland during the reign of David I., and from this munificent prince received some lands in Perthshire, where this ancient race was planted, and still remains. In 1651, the family of *Rollo* was advanced to the peerage. The Scottish name *Rollok* is supposed to be from the original. The family of *Kinnaird* derives its origin from the same eventful period. Rodolph, the progenitor of the race, received the lands of Kinnaird, in the Carse of Gowrie, from William the Lion; and the family name was taken from the property. The *Ruthvens* are sprung from a person called Thor, of Saxon or Danish lineage, who came from the north of England, and settled in Scotland under David I. Thor having attached himself to Earl Henry, is believed to have received a grant of the lands of Ruthven from him, and hence the name of Ruthven came to be the surname of the race. The main branch of this family obtained the earldom of Gowrie, 1581. The respectable Scotch family of *Durward* deduces its origin from the De Lundins or Lundie, of Fife and Forfarshire, already mentioned. The first who received the appellation was Thomas, the son of Malcolm de Lundie, who, receiving from William the Lion the office of *doorward* (*hostarius*), or keeper of the King's door, the name became fixed upon him; and, as the office was made hereditary, the appellation was continued in the family.

The *Abernethys* are sprung from a person of English lineage, called Orm, the son of Hugh, who flourished in Scotland under Malcolm IV., and who, receiving the lands of Abernethy, at the foot of Strathearn, his descendants assumed the name of *Abernethy*. There were a number of *Orms* who came into Scotland, and have left traces of their residence in places of the name of *Ormiston*, which is common in the southern parts of the country. The *Grays* are also of Anglo-Norman extraction. A younger son of Gray of Chillingham, a Norman family, who settled in Northumberland, obtained a settlement in Scotland under William the Lion. From this personage the various families of the surname of *Gray* are descended. The *Kers*, or *Cars*, were Anglo-Normans, and a branch

settled in Scotland during the thirteenth century. They possessed lands on the Borders, and originated the two respectable houses of the Kers of Cessford and Fernieherst. From the former sprung the noble family of Roxburgh, and from the latter that of Lothian. The word *Ker*, or *Car*, signifies a strength or fortlet, and is significant of the adventurous military character of the first of the name. The *Coleils* trace their origin in Scotland to Philip de Colville, who came thither in the twelfth century, and acquired possessions in various parts of the country, particularly in Ayrshire, where the noble house of the Colvilles, Lords of Ochiltree, was founded. The distinguished house of *Gordon* is likewise of Anglo-Norman origin. The first of the race, having settled in Berwickshire, soon after the commencement of the twelfth century, took the surname of *Gordon*, from the title of his estate, which is still called *Gordon*. At the end of the thirteenth century, Sir Adam de Gordon acquired lands in Galloway, which he gave to William, his second son, who was the progenitor of the Viscount Kenmure. Sir Adam afterwards acquired lands in Strathbogie, on the forfeiture of their previous possession; and on that account removed with the main line of the family to the north, where it has since remained. The numerous families of the name of *Gordon* in Scotland are all derived from this common stock.

The noble family of *Graham* was also of English origin. The first of the race in this country was William de Graham, who settled under David I., and obtained from that monarch the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith, in the Lothians, where he sat down with his followers. When William de Graham died, he left two sons, Peter and John, the first of whom inherited his father's lands in the Lothians, and was succeeded by a race which took a lead in the district till the time of Robert Bruce. This branch of the house then merged in a female heir, who married William de Douglas, the predecessor of the Douglases of Lothian, who became Earls of Morton. The descendants of John, the second son, received lands in Forfarshire, and laid the foundation of the distinguished family of the Grahams of Montrose. The chief families in Scotland with the name of *Graham* are descended from this honourable source; among other persons conspicuous in history to which it gave rise, was Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

Few of the Anglo-Norman settlers of David the First's reign arrived at such eminence as the *Sinclairs*, or *Saint Clairs*. The principal families in Scotland of this name are descended from the Anglo-Norman family of Saint Clair, who came to Britain with the Conqueror. Two distinct branches settled in this northern part of the island, the Sinclairs of Roslin and the Sinclairs of Hermandston. The progenitor of the first was William de Saint Clair, who obtained the manor of Roslin, in Mid-Lothian, where he settled during the reign of David I. This family was in after times raised to the earldom of Orkney. From the same stock sprang Sinclair Earl of Caithness, Sinclair Lord Sinclair, and many others. The Sinclairs of Hermandston derived their origin from a later settler, under the Morvilles, Constables of Scotland, and gave rise to a number of respectable families.

The families of *Ros*, in the north of England, and in the south of Scotland, are of the same root, having taken their name from the lordship of *Ros*, in Yorkshire. The first settlers of the name in Scotland appear as vassals of the Morvilles in Ayrshire, and having obtained the lands of Stewarton, became the progenitors of the Rosses of Hawkhill, of Ross Lord Ross, of Ros of Tarbet, in Cunningham, of Ros of Sanquhar, and other families of the name in the south of Scotland; besides the Roses of Kilravoch, the Roses of Geddes, Rose of Howe, and others in the north.—*To be continued.*

CURIOS RESULT OF INJURY OF THE BRAIN.

There are instances, says Mr Green in his lectures, at King's College, as reported in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, where a whole class of words, nay, a language, was completely obliterated from a man's memory. I remember seeing a patient in St Thomas's Hospital who had an injury of the head. During his illness he began suddenly to speak in a language which nobody in the ward could understand; very fortunately in one of the most voluble moments of this patient the milkman of the hospital was passing through the ward and listening to the sick man, who instantly recognised the Welsh language. A freer communication immediately took place between the parties, and it appeared, according to the account delivered by the milkman, that the patient understood and spoke English very well, but that, in consequence of the accident, that language had been fairly knocked out of his head.

BRITISH COLONIES.

A BRIEF recital of the number of our colonial possessions, and their utility in point of trade, may be of value to a number of our readers who have not had leisure to examine this very important branch of affairs. Notwithstanding the loss of the United States, the colonies of Great Britain, exclusive of India, exceed in number, extent, and value, those of every other country. In North America we possess the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with their dependencies, in which are included Prince Edward's Island. Great Britain also possesses the Hudson's Bay territory; a tract of vast extent, but situated in an unprofitable climate, and worth very little except as hunting grounds for beaver, &c. We also possess the large islands of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, but the soil is barren, and the climate severe and foggy; so that they are valuable principally as fishing stations. The entire population of all these North American colonies may be estimated at about one million.

In the West Indies we possess Jamaica, Barbadoes, St Lucia, Antigua, Grenada, St Vincent, Trinidad, and some other islands, exclusive of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, in South America. Jamaica is by far the largest and most valuable of our insular possessions. Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, were taken from the Dutch during the late war, and were definitively ceded to us in 1814. The British also possess the settlement of Belize in the Bay of Honduras.

In the East we possess the island of Ceylon, which, though populous, is one of the least valuable of our possessions. The British possess a large and not very valuable territory in Southern Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, of which Cape Town is the capital. This colony was also ceded by the Dutch to the British in 1815. Great Britain likewise owns the island of Mauritius, which was ceded by the French in 1814. This island is not very fertile, and it measures about 150 miles in circumference. The largest possession of the British in the Southern Hemisphere is the island, or continent, of New Holland, and the adjoining island of Van Dieman's Land. These with their dependencies receive the collective appellation of Australasia. The population of the whole is only about 37,000, exclusive of aborigines. The most valueless of all our possessions is Sierra Leone, a district on the south-west coast of Africa. This colony was founded partly as a commercial establishment, but more from motives of humanity. It was intended to consist principally of free blacks, who, being instructed in the Christian religion, and in the arts of Europe, should become, as it were, a focus whence civilisation might be diffused among the surrounding tribes. About 1200 free negroes, who having joined the royal standard in the American war, were obliged, at the termination of that contest, to take refuge in Nova Scotia, were conveyed thither in 1792: to these were afterwards added the Maroons from Jamaica; and since the legal abolition of the slave trade, the negroes taken in the captured vessels, and liberated, have been carried to the colony. The total number of liberated Africans under the superintendence of the colonial authorities is about 22,000. Great efforts have been made to civilise those blacks, but all have failed, and the colony presents a melancholy instance of perverted and abused national philanthropy.

The British possess certain islands and places in the Mediterranean. The chief possession in this quarter is Malta, an island 20 miles long, and from 10 to 12 broad. It was definitely ceded by the French in 1816. It is retained as a military and naval station. The population, including troops and strangers, amounts to about 102,000. The small island of Gozo, adjacent, has a population of about 17,000. The Ionian Isles, in Greece, also belong to Great Britain. The principal foreign military station belonging to the British in this part of the world is Gibraltar, a rocky promontory near the southernmost extremity of Spain, and commanding the strait which communicates between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The population is about 16,500, exclusive of the troops, which usually amount to 3000 or 4000. Such are the British colonial possessions worth mentioning.

The retention of colonies is understood to serve two chief purposes. The import and export trade with them is said to be of great benefit to the mother country; and this traffic encourages the maritime profession, which is always associated with the welfare of this insular nation. The trade carried on betwixt Great Britain and some of its colonies is immense. In the year 1829 the imports from the British North American colonies amounted in value to £1,068,622, and the exports thither to £2,064,126. In the same year, 1609 ships arrived from the same colonies with a burden of 431,124 tons, while 1652 ships cleared outwards with a burden of 418,147 tons. The imports consist generally of timber, ashes, fish, oil, skins, and other raw produce. The exports consist of luxuries of every description, and all kinds of manufactured goods. The British West India colonies export three great articles, sugar, coffee, and rum. In the year 1830 there were about 4,000,000 of hundred weights of sugar imported from thence,

upwards of 27,000 of lbs. of coffee, and nearly 8,000,000 gallons of rum. From this vast importation of goods the government received in duties seven millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling, being between a seventh and a sixth of the whole revenue of the British empire. The exports from this country to our West India colonies consist of coarse cottons, linens, checks, hats, and other articles of negro clothing; hardware and earthenware; staves, hoops, coal, lime, provisions, fish, furniture, &c. The total amount of imports from the West India colonies in the year 1829 was £9,087,914, while the total of exports in the same year was £5,521,169, of which Jamaica itself had about £2,000,000. The number of ships which arrived was 968, having a burden of 263,335 tons; the number outwards was 918, with a burden of 252,292 tons. The prices of all kinds of West India produce have greatly fallen, on account of the cultivation of the same articles being now carried on in new countries not formerly taking part in this trade. The British possessions in the Bay of Honduras afford means of obtaining abundant supplies of mahogany, and serve as an entrepot for the supply of Guatemala with English goods. The trade with the remaining colonies is of inferior value. Mauritius exports nearly 500,000 hundred weights of sugar annually; its coffee trade is declining; it exports tortoise-shell to the extent of £3000 a-year. Provisions, machinery, clothing, &c. are largely imported. With regard to the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that that colony exports to Great Britain goods to the value of about £200,000, on an average, annually, while the value of the exports thither amounts to upwards of double that sum.

TRADITIONS OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND

[THE following notices of the Plague in Scotland were, like the Tale of the Plague in a former publication, written several years before any expectation was entertained of our being again visited by pestilence, and while, indeed, any apprehension of that kind would probably have been laughed at. They are now brought forward, on account of the temporary interest which they derive from the actual presence of a similar calamity amongst us. It is curious to know what impression remained at a late date on the minds of the common people, respecting the visitation with which their ancestors were afflicted two hundred years ago: it is the next thing to acquiring an idea of the actual feelings of the people under the calamity. We may thus be helped to draw a contrast, more or less correct, between the way in which the awful "plague of pestilence" was endured by a people rude and untutored like those of the seventeenth century, and the conduct of a generation certainly possessed of far more worldly knowledge, and in whose favour medical skill and general humanity are infinitely more on the alert.]

In numerous places throughout Scotland, spots are shown, where, according to the belief of the common people, "the plague was buried." It is now so long since this dreadful epidemic afflicted the country, that few know what is implied by this tradition, or even what the plague was. All that is generally to be learned from the populace upon the subject simply is, that within this mound, or beneath this stone, LIES THE PLAGUE; and no one would break the one or remove the other for any consideration short of life and death. How melancholy the reflection, that perhaps a century hence the same species of tradition may indicate the spot in our churchyards where the cholera lies interred!

Spots are pointed out as the burial places of the plague at Nether Minzien, in Tweedsmuir, where the shepherds are scrupulous to prevent their sheep from feeding within the little circle which encloses the tomb of plague: and near Prestwick in Ayrshire, where are also shewn the ruins of a house, built by Robert Bruce for the reception of lepers, still called King Case. In order, moreover, to show that individual suffering was little considered in cases where the public welfare was endangered, it may be mentioned, as one of the rules of a leper house at Greenside, at the north base of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, that the penalty imposed upon any inmate who should venture out of doors was no less than death; and that with a view at once to the prevention of such a misdemeanour, and its prompt punishment, a gallows stood constantly in readiness at the end of the house.

At Peebles a place is shown in the neighbourhood of the town where "the plague was buried." It is a low mound, like a grave, but much larger, situated in a marshy valley, called the Gytes. Children designate this place Sampson's Grave, probably on ac-

count of its appearing to be such a grave as would hold that scriptural hero, whose bulk is popularly supposed in Scotland to have been of a piece with his strength.

Amidst the ruins of the ancient collegiate church of Methven, in Perthshire, it is popularly believed that a vast treasure lies concealed. This, it is said, would not have been permitted to lie so long, had it not been understood that the plague was also buried in the same place, and would burst out if any excavations were attempted. Some excavations were attempted by the country people; but before they had got many feet beneath the surface, a suspicious-looking vapour arose, and, according to the account of the treasure-seekers, a low terrible voice was heard to vociferate, as from some remote recess of the ground, "Let sleeping dogs lie!" whereupon the shovels and mattocks were instantly abandoned by the adventurers, whose task no one has ever since thought of resuming.

The pestilence which afflicted Edinburgh and neighbourhood in 1645 appears to have been particularly fatal to the inhabitants of the village of Water of Leith, so much so, that all intercourse with that village was at that time strictly prohibited. At length, however, on the 15th May, the restriction was taken off in part. The register of the parish of that date bears the following entry:—"Thos in the southsyd of the Watter Leith being long inclosed ar liberat, on condicione they resave na clothes to washe." During that fatal period also, no large convivial parties were allowed to convene; nay, a fine of £10 Scots was imposed on all who invited more than twelve persons to their marriage, or six when their child was baptised. From June till December, even the kirk session did not assemble; and none who died of the plague were allowed to be interred in the churchyard on Sabbath from sun-rise to sun-set.

Thomas the Rhymer prophesied to the monks of Aberbrothock,

From Sidlaw eastward to the sea
Plague nor pest shall ever be.

And it is very remarkable, that the great plague ravaged Dundee, Brechin, and Montrose, without ever touching Arbroath.

Few towns suffered so much by the plague as Brechin, the inhabitants of which place have inherited a salutary dread of its visitations. It attacked the town in the year 1647, at a time when it had not recovered from the effects of a general conflagration inflicted by Montrose, two years before. Its ravages are commemorated on a rude tablet in the churchyard, by an inscription in these words:—

1647.

Luna quater crescent
Sexcinto, peste peremptos,
Discere mori, videt.

Implying that in the month of April 1647, six hundred people were taken away by the plague: "Learn to die."

The most curious and superstitious tradition connected with the plague is one told by the people in Kincardineshire, who, like many others, are of belief that the plague had a bodily form, and flew through the air in the shape of fine threads, or minute flying serpents. On the farm of Mindynes, in the parish of Fordoun, and at no great distance from the banks of the river Bervie, stands in the middle of a ploughed field a large stone, underneath which the plague is said to have been buried. At the last occurrence of "the pest" in Scotland, say the peasantry, there dwelt in this district a bengvolent warlock, who determined to free his country for ever from the terrible destroyer. By dint of spells he succeeded in drawing towards him the whole material of the plague, and winded it up round his fingers, as people wind thread. The clew reached the size of a man's head before every particle was collected. When completed, he took it in his hand to the spot mentioned, put it into the earth, and covered it with a large stone. All this was done by spells, the power of which ceased when the stone was laid down; so that, according to the popular belief, if that stone were to be removed, there is no saying what might be the direful consequences. At the very least, the ball would burst forth, explode, and the plague would again overspread the country!

EMIGRATION.—UPPER CANADA.

As this journal does not happen to be a newspaper, I do not find myself at liberty to detail the progress of emigration from Great Britain, and especially from Scotland, towards North America; but I cannot be prevented from giving my friendly advice to those who feel inclined to swell the flood of human beings pressing on towards the western settlements. From all that I have read on the important subject of emigration, I am induced, from many considerations, to give a decided preference to Upper Canada. This extensive territory has also its preferable places of settlement. That part of the province which stretches from Lake Simcoe and the rivers Trent and Severn, westward to Lake Huron and the St Clair River, and southward to Lake Erie and part of Lake Ontario, has a soil of extraordinary fertility, capable of producing the most luxurious crops of wheat, and every other sort of grain. The climate is so particularly salubrious, that epidemic diseases, either among men or cattle, are almost entirely unknown. Its influence on the fertility of the soil is more generally perceptible than it is in Lower Canada, and is supposed to be congenial to vegetation in a much superior degree. The winters are shorter, and not always marked with such rigour as in the latter. The duration of frost is always accompanied with a *fine clear sky and a dry atmosphere*. The spring opens, and the resumption of agricultural labours takes place, from six weeks to two months earlier than in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The summer heats rarely prevail to excess, and the autumns are usually very friendly to the harvests, and favourable for securing the late crops. What a splendid tract of land lies in the angle formed by Lakes Huron and St Clair on the west, and Lakes Erie and Ontario on the south! In some pleasant spot in this well watered and salubrious district I would purchase my farm and build my log-house. The lakes just mentioned communicate with the River St Lawrence, and give to this territory all the advantages of an extensive inland navigation, and serve as an outlet for exports. This tract of land, lying with its base on Lakes Ontario and Erie, as far west as the junction of the Thames with the St Clair Lake, is laid out in townships, and partly settled. But the population is so very thin, as not, on an average, to amount to more than sixteen persons to a square mile, in settled townships; while the fertility of the soil is such, that 120 persons to a square mile would not be a dense population. To the north of the river Thames, along the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, round to the river Severn, and thence to the river that joins the Nipissing and Lake Huron, is a boundless extent of country that is entirely unoccupied. The interior of this space has hitherto been but imperfectly explored; but the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, afford the finest situations for settlements. The soil is in many places of the greatest fertility, the river and lake teem with fish, and every variety of the best timber is found in the greatest profusion. In 1783, the settlers in Upper Canada were estimated at only 10,000; in 1825 they amounted to upwards of 157,000, and now amount to about 190,000—a miserably small population for a country that could easily support many millions of inhabitants in a state of the greatest comfort.

Having wound up your affairs in this country, and otherwise prepared yourself and your family for proceeding to the Land of Promise, it is recommended that you should take with you a box of tools, whether you be learned to use them or not. The tools should consist of an American axe, handsaw, wager, pick-axe, spade, two gimlets, a hammer, iron wedge, three hoes, a kettle, frying pan, an iron pot, nails, and a small portable handmill for grinding corn; a gun and fishing nets will be of great service, if you have means to purchase them. You should also have good warm freeze coats and jackets, and worsted stockings and mittens for the winter; linen trousers and jacket for the summer, as many linen shirts as you can afford to take out (linen being dear in Canada), and a short flannel shirt, to be worn next the skin, both in summer and winter. Without caution as to clothing, the settler has a chance of being attacked with ague, which is the only complaint to be dreaded. You should also provide yourself with a small stock of simple medicines, to preserve the bowels in regularity. Every one ought to take a dose of medicine on landing. No bulky articles or furniture of any kind should be taken. Every thing should be packed in substantial handy trunks. Plain furniture can be bought at a cheap rate in the colony, or you can perhaps manage to make some useful articles for your new household. The bark of the bass tree, woven or laced across your bedstead, will support a mattress, and that mattress need consist of nothing more expensive than the boughs of the spruce fir, or dry beech leaves; a buffalo skin will answer for quilt and blankets. In sailing to Canada, Greenock is preferable to any port in Scotland, and vessels may nearly always be found there ready for departure.

In removing, many persons prefer to enter into arrangements with agents of the Canada Company in London, Edinburgh, or other places, making a small deposit in their hands. This seems an advisable plan. The Canada Company is a most respectable association,

possessing a large tract of land of that part of Canada above recommended. The agents of the Company, on the arrival of the emigrants at Quebec or Montreal, will convey, at the Company's expense, purchasers who pay a first instalment in this country of 2s. an acre upon not less than one hundred acres, to the head of Lake Ontario, which is in the vicinity of their choicest lands; and their agents in all parts of the Upper Province will give emigrants every information and assistance in their power. Should emigrants, on arrival, not settle on the Company's lands, the money paid them will be returned, deducting the actual expense of conveyance to York. The Canada Company sold upwards of eighty thousand acres of land in 1829, 1830, and 1831, in lots of various extent, at from 10s. to 14s. per acre. Much the same prices are now charged by the government for land; 10s. an acre being the average price, of which 2s. must be paid on purchasing, and the remainder in annual instalments, with interest, which an industrious settler would be able to pay out of the crops. There are always a number of half-cleared lands in the market for sale; and when the emigrant has a little capital, and is not very well adapted to commence the operation of clearing, these are particularly worthy of his attention. At York, Upper Canada, every information is to be had regarding cleared and uncleared lands; and such is the choice, that no time may be lost in making a selection. The expense of clearing the land ready for seed is from £2, 10s. to £3, 10s. per acre, if paid in money. To a person who is about to settle on an entire woodland, I would recommend the following system:—Clear well a few acres in the immediate vicinity, and all around the site on which the house is intended to be built, that the trees left standing may be at a sufficient distance to be out of danger falling on it, and let a small piece be fenced off for cattle to lie in at night, out of the same danger, in windy weather; then cut down, on ten or fifteen acres, the small and decayed trees and under-brush; burn them, and girdle or notch round the remainder of the trees; sow this ground with wheat early in the fall (autumn), or part of it with oats in the spring, and with them clover and a small quantity of grass seeds mixed; the clover and grass to be mowed the first year or two, and grazed afterwards. Do the same next year with a still further quantity, for six or seven years in succession, and likewise clear a small piece quite off for corn and potatoes, cabbage, &c., in front of the house, and next to the road. In about six or seven years the roots of the trees will be rotten, and some of the girdled ones fallen; then begin and chop down ten or fifteen acres of these girdled trees yearly, in a dry time, felling them across each other to break them in pieces; put fire into them in various parts of the field, and it will burn most of them up; what little may be left unconsumed must be collected into heaps, and burned. It is necessary to keep a watch over the fences while this is going on, that they do not take fire. After this you may plough and plant what you please, as generally the ground will be in pretty good condition. The mode of sowing wheat for the first two years on new land is very simple—merely harrowing in the seed; for the soil is so rich that it requires no artificial dressing. Wheat is sown in the fall; oats are sown in May or June. After clearing the land, potatoes and turnips answer remarkably well.

All the fruits and vegetables common to the English kitchen garden thrive well. Sugar, for domestic purposes, is made from the maple tree on the land. The soil and country possess every requisite for farming purposes, and comfortable settlement. The samples of Upper Canada wheat have not been exceeded in quality by any in the British market. With regard to the price of labour, it should be mentioned that it is expensive in Upper Canada, and that there is an absolute necessity for the emigrant and his family working with their own hands. Persons desirous of employment as agricultural labourers will receive from £2 to £3 per month, with board and lodging. At these wages there is a constant demand for labour in the neighbourhood of York. Working artizans, particularly blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, coopers, millwrights, and wheelwrights, get high wages. However, industrious men of every class may look forward with confidence to an improvement in their situation, as many save enough out of one season's work to buy land themselves in settled townships.

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

Two English gentlemen, about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion—contending that, amongst the lowest class of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and, governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the empire at that period very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who, it seems, were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clarendon's Tavern, in Wri-

ter's Court, as the most respectable house of entertainment which at that time graced the Scottish metropolis, although, in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at by any one having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton*. Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who, withal, appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand.

Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and after a pause, recollecting, as it were accidentally, that Coal John, a Gilmerston carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there, with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should, by some means or other, be introduced to them on his arrival. In the mean time, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the "real Simon Pure," but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on.

The individual pitched upon by Mr Clirehugh was one admirably adapted to sustain the character—a true type of the genus *Driver*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink-and-drown-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could be got, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons—with the help, at all times, of a select junto of drouthy brother cronies—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of "shrewd parts and pregnant humour." At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession were "wont most to congregate,"—namely, St Mary's Wynd, the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city, at that time, was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the bona fide John, who was soon spoke on that highway, he easily furnished himself with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including, of course, the cart with its contents.

Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity—consisting, *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded, moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern gate of *Front de Bœuf*'s castle, corduroy jacket and trousers, with dubious-coloured plush vest and other *et ceteras*, not omitting a *quant. suff.* of coon on his face—the self-elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie.

The shrill hilloo of Tom Pipes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Trunnon and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr Clirehugh's establishment of the arrival of the coals—said intimation conveyed, of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmerston—a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear: "Hollo, the coals!"

The inmates of the house were of course advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John into the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was impossible the gentlemen could have any thing to say to him; while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. "Such grand gentlemen," with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, "could never ha'e any thing to say till the like o' him." At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jogged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into the "presence"; but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. "The deuce take the fellow!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding; "although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool." "Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say; but, anent the carpet, wad ye ha'e come into so grand a chaumer, without either rowin' up the clauth, or casting aff my shoon?" "Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter; only just sit down now and take a glass of something." This proposal, we may suppose, was to the point, whether addressed to John in *propria persona* or *quoad* his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself a *meilleure*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out in this shape—"Pray, John, can you tell us who was Adam's father?" "Adam's father?" said John, "eh, ay; let's see;" then recollecting the catechetical table he had

learned at school, after a short pause—"Ou, ay; Noah was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methuselah, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaseel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God."—"Well done!" exclaimed the Englishman; "John, you are a clever fellow, and have gained the bet;" which was perfectly acquiesced in by the other party; neither of whom, by the bye, had any idea of the logical ratiocination which John had brought to bear on the question.

This master being settled, after the glass had been pushed round pretty swiftly, and our hero had treated the strangers with a great many jokes and shrewd remarks, which raised him still higher in their estimation, he said, "Weel, gentlemen, I dinna ken weel what to say to you for your extraordinar kindness, or how to thank ye; and I maun now be steppin'. But as I ha'e gotten gowd guinea frae ye, for answering the bit question ye speird, wad ye no tak it amiss, if I was to speir aye at you, which will no be buckle langer than yer ain; and, as I maun say, ye ha'e been sae very frank, and haena taen amiss my wan o' havins, if ye like I'll pit down my guinea again, for a wad against yours." "Oh, most certainly, John; most certainly; we shall be very glad to answer your question, in place of taking it amiss." "Then," says John, "can ye tell me wha my father was?" "Confound the fellow!" exclaimed both the Englishmen; and it is almost needless to add, that John was permitted to withdraw himself as quickly as he chose, with his three guineas, without being troubled, for that time, with any more questions.—*Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

REAL STORY OF JEANY CAMERON.

MRS JEAN, or as the English insist upon styling her, Mrs Jenny Cameron, is a name of some celebrity, or rather, perhaps, notoriety. She has been the subject of much discourse, both in her own time and in ours. The pamphlets published at the time of the insurrection of 1745 were full of her; nay, we have even seen a kind of novel, in one volume, which had apparently been got up by some gentleman of Grub Street, on that occasion, and in which she acted as the heroine. The generally received notion, both at the time and since, has been, that she accompanied Prince Charles, as his mistress, during the whole of his expedition; and it is on this understanding that Fielding causes his heroine, Sophia, to be mistaken for her at Gloucester. Of late times, another idea has got abroad, namely, that she survived to old age, and went about begging in men's clothes, with a wooden leg; till at length she died in the Edinburgh Infirmary, of an accident which had befallen her on the street. Now, it is very strange, but very true, that Mrs Jean Cameron never saw Prince Charles Stuart in her life, and that she spent the whole of her life in circumstances perfectly respectable.

The real history of this lady is, in its way, a desideratum, and we therefore have no little pleasure in giving it, in the following terms, upon the credit of the late Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassefern (nephew of the gallant Lochiel, and father of the equally gallant Colonel Cameron of the 42d, who fell on the field of Waterloo), who died within the last three years, at the age of ninety.

She was the daughter of Cameron of Glendessary, in Lochaber, who generally resided in Morvern, where he had another estate. She was married in early life to an Irish gentleman named O'Neal, and she lived with him for some years in Ireland, till his brutal usage necessitated her to divorce him. She then returned to her own country, and was distinguished by the appellation of Mrs Jean, and sometimes Lady Jean Cameron. At the time of the insurrection she resided in Strontian, where she managed the extensive estates of her brother, Cameron of Dungallion, while he served Prince Charles as an officer. Many more of her relations were engaged in this enterprise, together with about eight hundred petty men who bore her name. No clan, indeed, of equal extent, went so heartily into this adventure as the Camerons. Mrs Jean did what she could for the cause, by sending a large present of cattle to Prince Charles at the time of his raising his standard in Glenfinnan. It is also acknowledged that she made several attempts to see him; but she never was successful. During the whole period of the insurrection she did not leave her own residence in the Highlands. She was a woman of beauty and fashion, of good manners, and possessed a masculine understanding. Her death took place in the year 1774, at her house of Mount Cameron, in Lanarkshire. All these facts we give with the most perfect assurance of their historic truth.

The whole rumour as to this lady having been the mistress of Prince Charles appears to have arisen from some misapprehension. Nothing can be more certain, however, than that the idea was thoroughly riveted in the public mind. Just about the time when the Highland army was returning into Scotland, a lady who visited Stirling in a coach, was seized by the garrison there as the noted Jean Cameron. It was soon discovered that the lady was a respectable milli-

ner, or mantuamaker, in Edinburgh, who was only at Stirling on a visit, and who had nothing in common with the Prince's supposed mistress except the name. This fact is stated in all the newspapers and magazines of the day. Mrs Cameron herself was one day walking on the High Street of Edinburgh, along with some friends, waiting for a coach, when a boy came up with a lot of loose papers over his arm, which he was proclaiming as a full, true, and particular account of the adventures of Jeany Cameron and Prince Charlie Stuart; whereupon she mildly remarked to her friends, what an extraordinary fate hers had been, to be thus universally famed as the mistress of a man whom she had never once seen. As for the one-legged woman in male attire, who latterly affected to be Jeany Cameron, we have ascertained that she was a mere maniac, crazed through Jacobitism, and proud to be considered even the mistress of so glorious a being as the rightful heir of these three kingdoms.

AN INDIAN PAGODA.

A description of a pagoda, or temple of the large class, may not be uninteresting. A high solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them, producing at times a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky or trees form the back-ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with a figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life, beneath it. Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open and supported by numerous stone pillars. An inclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculptor into various sacred animals rampant, ridden by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imaginary and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite all the incarnations of Vishnu the Preserver; here Siva the Destroyer, riding on his bull, with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute; Kawadeva, their Cupid, riding on parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane, strung with flowers, or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varuna, the god of the seas, on a crocodile; many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons instruments of music, &c., or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods portrayed in groups and pictures of demi-relief every where. Generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple, you see lingaurs on their altars. Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden ear, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession. Such, though but roughly, and, I fear, not very intelligibly sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily resort with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; and thither on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groups of dancing girls—beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion; or listen to the wild obscure fictions, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music; or gather round self-torturing devotees, with frantic shouts of approbation.—*Sketches of India.*

STATE OF FRANCE.

According to Dupin, in his *Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France*, "the division of landed property which has taken place in France within the last thirty years, has produced a more general diffusion of prosperity; it has extended the means of comfort and of health to many families which did not before possess them. While the progress of industry has increased the demand for labour, and raised wages, the improvements made in arts and manufactures have reduced the price of a multitude of useful or agreeable productions, and thus a double melioration has taken place in the condition of the labourer. He is now able to procure better food, better clothes, and better lodging. In most of the provinces of France, those shapeless hovels which afflicted the eye of the traveller have been replaced by substantial houses, well built, well covered, and supplied with better furniture. Thirty years ago, there were in various parts of France a vast number of habitations which received no other light than by holes in the wall, which were either left entirely open, or stuffed with straw. At present there are few of these openings which have not been converted into sashed and glazed windows; and the more constant supply of light thus obtained has contributed to cleanliness, and, of course, to health."

Column for "All whom it may Concern."

WINES.

Omnis vastatis ergo quum cerneret arvis
Desolata Deus; nobis felicia vini
Dona dedit; tristes hominum quo munera fovit
Reliquias, mundi solatus vite ruinam!

Vanderil Prod. Rusticum, lib. xl.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."—*St Paul's First Ep. Tim. v. 23.*

No species of beverage has obtained so respectable an antiquity, and been of such universal appreciation among mankind, as WINE. The use of this liquor can indeed be traced up to the earliest ages of the world. We find from the sacred writings that Noah planted a vineyard shortly after the deluge; and a modern Latin poet, exalting the origin of wine in the above quatrain, ingeniously represents the vine as a gift from Heaven, to console mankind for the miseries entailed upon them by that grand catastrophe. I hope my readers will allow me to present them with a brief account of the most celebrated ancient and modern wines, gleaned for their amusement from the best authorities on the subject.

This generous liquor, as is well known, is an expression of the grape, the fruit of the vine, a shrub indigenous to Persia and the Levant, but now found in most temperate regions. From Asia the vine was introduced into Greece, and thence into Italy. The Phœceans, who founded Marseilles, carried the vine into France, in which country and in Portugal it is at present in the most extensive cultivation. There are a great variety of vines; and this circumstance, combined with difference of soil, climate, mode of preparation, &c., has occasioned an extreme variety in the different species of wine. But even between places immediately contiguous to each other, and where a cursory observer would hardly remark any difference, the qualities of the wines, though produced by the same species of grape, and treated in the same way, are often very different. A great deal evidently depends on the aspect of the vineyard; and it is probable that a good deal depends on the peculiarities of soil, while not a little also depends on the management of the vintage. Thus, for a brisk wine, the grapes are gathered before they are perfectly ripe; for a dry, as soon as they have acquired their proper maturity; and if a sweet wine be desired, the gathering is postponed to the latest period. Dry and clear weather is generally chosen for the vintage; but the best brisk Champagne is made from the grapes that are collected during a fog, or before the dew that has settled on the vines is dispersed. Roughness of wine depends, in some degree, on the circumstance of the stalks of the grapes being added or excluded. In the preparation of port, I believe, they are always used, but in the manufacture of the more delicate red wines of Bourdeaux they are generally excluded. With regard to colour, this is derived from the skin of the grape; for the juice of red or black grapes, with the exception of the *Tintilla* grape, the pulp of which is coloured, yields as colourless a wine as that procured from white grapes, when it is fermented without the hulls.

The earliest of the Greek wines was the Maronean, a sweet black wine, which Homer describes as "rich, unadulterated, and fit for the gods," and as so potent, that it was usually mixed with twenty measures of water. Nearly of equal antiquity was the Pramnian, a strong, hard, astringent, red wine, from the island of Icarus. It resembled our port wine, like which also it was often used medicinally, and on that account was sometimes called *pharmacites*. The best Greek wines, however, and those in which they surpassed all other nations, were the luscious sweet wines, the products of the Ionian and Aegean seas, particularly Lesbos, Chios, and Thasos. They were wines of a pale amber colour, with much odour and a high flavour. The Phœnean, which is extolled by Virgil as the king of wines, was from Chios. The lighter wines were the Mendean, the Argitis, and the Omphacites; but the Greeks were also acquainted with the African and Asiatic wines, several of which were in high repute. The Bythinian wines were of the choicest quality; the wines of Byblus, in Phenicia, on the other hand, died in fragrance with the Lesbian; and if confidence is to be placed in the report of Athenaeus, the white wines of Marcotis and Tenuis in Lower Egypt, were of almost unrivalled excellence. The former, which was sometimes called the Alexandrian, from the neighbouring territory, was a light, sweetish, white wine, with a delicate perfume, of easy digestion, and not apt to affect the head; though the allusion of Horace, to its influence on the mind of Cleopatra, would seem to imply that it had not always preserved its innocuous quality. The wine of Merœ, however, which was produced at the feast given to Cesar by that voluptuous female, would appear to have been in still higher estimation.

The wines of ancient Italy were more celebrated than those of Greece. The choicest of the Roman wines were the Massic and Falernian, besides which there were many wines of an inferior quality, but in all of which the Roman citizens in the upper ranks indulged with great freedom at their expensive public and private feasts. No wine has ever acquired such extensive celebrity as the Falernian, or more truly merited the name of "immortal," which classic writers have conferred upon it. All writers agree in describing the Falernian wine as very strong and durable, and so rough in its recent state, that it could not be drunk with pleasure, but required to be kept a great number of years before it was sufficiently mellow. Horace terms it a "fiery" wine, and calls for water from the spring to moderate its strength. From Galen's account, it appears to have been in best condition from the tenth to the twentieth year; and afterwards it was apt to contract an unpleasant bitterness, especially if not preserved in glass bottles. Horace, who was a lover of old wine, proposes, in a well-known Ode, to broach an amphora, or jar, which was coeval with himself, and which, therefore, was probably not less than thirty-six years old. It will be remembered by some of my readers, that on one occasion Cicero having supped with Damasippus, he had some indifferent wine presented to him, which he was pressed to drink, as being Falernian, forty years old; and that, on tasting it, he pleasantly observed, that it bore its age uncommonly well! It is the opinion of Dr Henderson, who has written a history of wines, that Xeres and Madeira wines may be fixed upon as the two to which the Falernian offers the most distinct features of resemblance. Both are straw-coloured wines, assuming a deeper tint from age, or from particular circumstances in the quality or management of the vintage. Both of them present the several varieties of dry, sweet, and light. Both of them are exceedingly strong and durable wines; being,

when new, very rough, harsh, and fiery, and requiring to be kept about the samelength of time as the Falernian, before they attain a due degree of mellowness. This celebrated Roman wine was the produce of the Campagna Felice, which possesses a soil analogous to that of the island of Madeira. In preparing their wines, the ancients often imbibed them till they became of the consistency of honey, or even thicker. These were diluted with water previously to their being drunk; and indeed the habit of mixing wine with water seems to have prevailed much more in antiquity than in modern times.

The best wines of France are those produced in Champagne, Burgundy, Dauphiny, and the Bordelais; Languedoc and Rousillon also produce wines in considerable quantities, but they are reckoned inferior. The wines of Champagne are commonly divided, following a distinction occurring as early as the ninth century, into River wines—*Vins de la Rivière de Marne*, which are for the most part white; and Mountain wines—*Vins de la Montagne de Reims*, which are red. The former are mostly brisk or sparkling wines, and distinguished by their delicate flavour and aroma. But the briskest wines are not always the best, and unless they are very strong, much of the alcohol is carried off with the carbonic acid gas which occasions the froth. Hence the slightly frothing wines—*cramans*, or *demi-mousseux*, are preferred by persons of *haut gout*. Sillery, which has obtained its name from the vineyards which yield it, holds the first rank among the white wines of Champagne. It was brought into vogue by the peculiar care bestowed on the manufacture of it by the *Maîtrale d'Estrees*, and was long known by the name of *Vin de la Morechale*; and has always been much in request in England. The most celebrated of the river wines, strictly so called, is that of Ay. Of the Reims mountain wines, those of Verzy, Verzay, Mailly, Bouzy and St Basile, are most esteemed. But the Clos St Thierry furnishes the only red wine that can be said to be of the rich colour and aroma of Burgundy with the delicate lightness of Champagne.

The choicest of the Burgundy wines—for which the Dukes of Burgundy deservedly merit their ancient designation of "*princes des bons vins*"—is that of *Romanée-Conti*, a wine scarcely known in England, and produced in small quantities only; the vineyard being not more than six and a half English acres in extent. *Chambertin*, another Burgundy wine, almost rivals *Romanée-Conti*. It was the favourite wine of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon. It is the produce of a vineyard of that name, situated seven miles to the south of Dijon, and furnishing each year from 120 to 150 puncheons, from an extent of about 65 acres. *Chambertin* wine is of a full body and colour. The next was that of the *Clos Vougeot*, when that small domain was the property of the Church; but it is now considered as the third or fourth growth, and is surpassed by those of *Romanée* de St Vivant, *Musigny*, *Clos de Premeau*, and some others. Under the name *Mâcon*, which is the red Burgundy best known in England, are comprehended not only the growths of the *Mâconnais*, but also the chief wines of the Beaujolais, forming part of the department of the Rhône. These wines are all red; but the white wines of Burgundy, although less known than the red, maintain the highest rank among the French white wines. The best is the *Mont Rachet* wine, famous for its high perfume and agreeable nutty flavour; but there are three varieties of it, *ainé*, *élevage*, and *barbaret Mont Rachet*, the last of which sells, or used to sell, for only one-third of the price of the first.

The wines of Dauphiny are among the most ancient in France; but the celebrity of some of them, the *Condrieux*, the *Hermite*, and the *Côte Rotie*, is of very ancient date. The hermitage, which derives its name from the ruins of a hermitage on the rock on which the vineyard is situated, is both red and white; the former being the production of the *sirax* and the latter that of the *marsanne* and *rousanne* grapes. The *Côte Rotie* resembles the hermitage in flavour and perfume; and the department of *Vaucluse* furnishes a few growths analogous to both, but inferior in quality. Dauphiny yields also a luscious wine, resembling the best Constantia. It is made from the richest grapes, which are hung up or spread upon straw for six or eight weeks, or until they become half-dried, from which circumstance the liquor obtained from them is named "Straw Wine," or *Vin de paille*.

The wines of Languedoc, Provence, and Rousillon, are superior only in the class of sweet wines. The wines of *Traval*, *Chuzclan*, *St Geniois*, *Lirac*, and *St Laurence*, are the best of the red wines of Languedoc. They have a bright rose tint. The red wines of Rousillon are the strongest and most durable that France produces; the choicest are those of *Bagnols*, *Conporu*, and *Collioure*. The wines of Provence are of very ordinary quality. Among the dry white wines of these districts are the *Rivesaltes* and the *Frontignac*. The wines of Gascony and Guienne are better known by name in England than any other of those of the French vineyards; the names *Lafite*, *Grave*, *Château*, *Margaux*, *Sauterne*, and *Barsac*, being familiar to most ears on this side of the Channel; yet these wines are understood to be seldom seen on the table in this country, owing to the various processes to which they are subjected by the merchants of Bourdeaux, in adapting them for the English market. Thus we drink an artificial wine called *Claret*, which is made up by adding to each hogshead of Bourdeaux wine three or four gallons of *Alicant*, or *Benicario*, half a gallon of *stun wine*, and sometimes a small quantity of *hermitage*. This mixture undergoes a slight fermentation; and when the whole is sufficiently fretted in, it is exported under the name of claret.

The wines of Spain are distinguished by high flavour, aroma, strength, and durability; but, from the mismanagement of the fermentation, the red wines in particular are dull and heavy on the palate; and except in dry white wines, none of the Spanish wines will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France. The most perfect are the produce of *Xeres*, from which our *Sherry* takes its name. The Spanish wines, when not exported, are stored in skins smeared with pitch, which gives them a peculiar and disagreeable taste, called the *olor de bota*, and renders them more liable to become muddy. The principal vineyards at *Xeres* are in the hands of British and French settlers, and to these the great improvement, of late years, in the manufacture of sherry, is attributed. In making this wine, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately, and dried to a certain extent before they are pressed. The fermentation is allowed to be continued from October till the middle of December, before it is racked from the lees; and that intended for exportation receives a certain proportion of brandy, which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt. The nutty flavour, so highly prized in this country, is produced by infusing bitter almonds in the wine. Good sherry is of a deep amber colour,

and has a fine aromatic odour; its taste is warm, with some degree of agreeable bitterness. When new, it tastes harsh and fiery; it is mellowed by being allowed to remain four or five years or longer in the wood; but it does not attain to its full flavour and perfection until it is kept fifteen or twenty years. It is a very strong wine, containing about 19 per cent. of alcohol. Perhaps no wine is so much adulterated as sherry. Its consumption is very large, amounting to above 2,000,000 of imperial gallons.

In Portugal, the principal wine district is the province of Upper Douro, in which port wine is grown to a great extent, and shipped at Oporto, whence its name. Besides the Douro, other districts in Portugal supply wine. The growths of Alenquer, Torres Vedras, Lamego, and Mongaon, furnish wines resembling the second growths of the Bordelais. The Colares port, which is grown near Cintra, is the only one which has found its way to this country. Bucelas, Setúbal, and Carcavelos, are the best of the Portuguese white wines. To return to port. When this respectable and substantial liquor arrives in this country, it is of a dark purple or inky colour, has a full rough body, with an astringent bitter sweet taste, and a strong flavour or odour of brandy. After it has remained some years longer in the wood, the sweetness, roughness, and astringency of the flavour abate; but it is only after it has been kept ten or twelve years in bottle, that the odour of the brandy is completely subdued, and the genuine aroma of the wine developed. When kept to too great an age, it becomes tawny, and loses its peculiar flavour. During the process of mellioration, a considerable portion of the extractive and colouring matter is precipitated on the sides of the vessels in the form of crust. In some wines this change occurs much earlier than in others. A large quantity of brandy is always mixed with the wine shipped from Oporto to England. Genuine unmixed port wine is very rarely met with in this country. We have been long accustomed to the compounded article, that were it possible to procure it unmixed, it is doubtful whether it would be at all suited to our taste. According to Mr Brande's analysis, port wine, as used in England, contains about 23 per cent. of alcohol; consequently, nearly the fourth part of every glassful is pure spirit. It should, however, be observed, that this proportion of spirit is not injurious, as the other matter in the wine neutralizes its effects. In purchasing good port, as in other liquors, a very great deal depends on the respectability of character of the merchant. The quality is understood to be injured previous to its shipment, in consequence of a monopoly long enjoyed by an association, called the Oporto Wine Company, under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The quantity of port shipped annually from Oporto to Britain, amounts to above 20,000 pipes, or above 2,300,000 imperial gallons, being about the same quantity that is used of sherry.

The wines of Italy and Greece are but little imported into England. They are, without a single exception, in all respects very inferior to those of France. The natives of Italy bestow no care upon the culture of the vine; and their ignorance, obstinacy, and want of skill in the preparation of wine, are said to be almost incredible. In some districts the art is, no doubt, better understood than in others; but had the Falernian, Cebulan, and other famous ancient wines, not been incomparably better than the best of those that are now produced, they never would have elicited the glowing panegyrics of Horace.

Madeira wines, the produce of the island of that name, have long been in extensive use in this country. There is a considerable difference in the flavour and other qualities of the wines of *Madeira*. The best are produced on the south side of the island. Though naturally strong, they receive an addition of brandy when racked from the vessel in which they have been fermented, and another portion is thrown in previously to their exportation. This is said to be required to sustain the wine in high temperature, to which it is subjected in its passage to and from India and China, to which large quantities of it are sent; it being found that it is mellowed, and its flavour materially improved, by the voyage. *Madeira* wines may be kept for a very long period. Indeed, they cannot be pronounced in condition until they have been kept ten years in the wood, and afterwards allowed to mellow nearly twice that time in bottle; and even then they will hardly have reached the utmost perfection of which they are susceptible. The *Madeira* wines unite great strength and richness of flavour with an exceedingly fragrant and diffusible aroma; they have latterly fallen into disrepute in England. The growth of the island is very limited, not exceeding 20,000 pipes, of which a considerable quantity goes to the West Indies and America. Hence, every sort of deception was practised with respect to it, and large quantities of spurious wash were dispensed for the genuine vintage of the island. This naturally brought the wine into discredit; so that sherry has for several years been the fashionable white wine. *Malmsey*, a very rich luscious species of the *Madeira*, is made from grapes grown on the rocky grounds exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, and allowed to remain in the vine till they are ripe.

Tenerife wine, the produce of the island of that name, is used to a moderate extent in England. It resembles *Madeira*, and is not unfrequently substituted in its place; but it wants the full body and rich flavour of the best growths of *Madeira*.

The wines of Germany imported into England are principally produced on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Rhine wines constitute a distinct order of themselves. They are drier than the French white wines, and are characterised by a delicate flavour and aroma, quite peculiar, and which would be reckoned *sourness* by the uninformed. The vineyards of Johannisberg, Steinberg, and Graffenberg, yield the choicest vintage on the Rhine. The hock, or *hochheimer*, is a May wine. In the Austrian states, the wines are almost all of an inferior quality, being sharp and often entirely acid. Tokay is a Hungarian wine, and is merely the juice which exudes from the half-dried grapes by the pressure of their own weight. It is juicy, and at the same time possessing a high degree of flavour and aroma.

Of the remaining wines imported into England, those of the Cape of Good Hope form the largest proportion; the quantity annually entered for home consumption being about 540,000 imperial gallons. The famous *Constantia* wine is the produce of two contiguous farms of that name, at the base of the Table Mountain, between eight and nine miles from Cape Town. Cape wines are all inferior in quality to those produced in Europe; some are indeed execrable, but being admitted at half the duty of other wines, they are largely imported as a menstruum for adulterating and degrading sherry, to which they bear

a resemblance. In cookery, Cape wines, from their cheapness, are also sometimes used instead of sherry.

The total amount of wines of every description used annually in the United Kingdom, is about 7,000,000 of imperial gallons, from which the government derives a duty of about £1,500,000.

In former times the chief and most fashionable wine drunk in "Merry England" seems to have been Canary, a "stoup" of which cheering liquor mingled in all our descriptions of the "olden time." Canary wine, the produce of the Canary Islands, is now little heard of, being almost as obsolete as Sack. With regard to the last-mentioned wine, which has been immortalised by Shakespeare, little is satisfactorily known. It has been ascertained that the wines called Sacks were imported from Spain, and that the name is derived from *sac*, signifying dry. We are informed by Venner that "Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body." This description accords with the epithet "sprightly," usually bestowed on it by the old writers, some of whom extol it as "the elixir of wines." Falstaff complained that there was lime in his Sack, which has been thought to allude merely to the adulteration of Sack by the vintners, but, in fact, it throws much light on its genuine qualities, and proves it to be of the same nature as the wines still manufactured in Spain and other countries, from the ripest grapes, which receive a sprinkling of gypsum, or burnt lime, before they are pressed and introduced into the vat. Of Sacks there were different species, as Canary-sack, Palma-sack, and Malaga-sack, &c. Sacks of all kinds are now among the liquors which have been; and, alas, "we ne'er shall look upon their like again."

THE BLUFF MUTTONEER.

Tantus amor osis, atque gloria!

VIRGIL.

Definition.—MUTTONEER is a term founded upon the word BUCCANEER, and is used to denote a man who is constantly going about seeking what he may devour in the way of good mutton; pursuing this end with all the pertinacity and eagerness with which a buccaneer follows the small craft which he makes his prey, and scarcely to be turned aside from his purpose by any ordinary obstruction.

You may talk of your dandies, your bloods, and fine fellows, And of all the gay creatures of Princes' Street tell us; But in my estimation there's none that can peer With that jolly good fellow, the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

The Bluff Muttoneer! would you have him before ye, In all his majestic proportions and glory? Do you wish that the genuine man should appear? Then look, and I'll show you the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

More sturdy than tall, to the fat just inclining; A belly whose jet shows some good capon lining; A swell arriere, over which dangle clear The gauncy coat-tails of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

A visage as broad and as bright as the moon, When she rises in autumn nine nights alike soon; And like her when half-risen, halfhid, you would swear, In the web round the neck of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

A hat o'er this visage cocks somewhat aje, As it was in the year eighteen hundred and three; A mouth for a jeer and an eye for a leer, And a cane in the hand of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

And then of the causeway he walks on the crown, With a sough on the air, would knock any man down; My faith, ye had better take care how ye steer, When ye come near the track of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

For every thing's big 'bout this wonderful blade, His look is a stare, and his voice a cascade; Ye had better shake hands wif a Spitzbergen bear, Or with a smith's vice, than a Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

Yet the Bluff Muttoneer has his softnesses too; To the friends of his heart he's both kindly and true; And good wether mutton he holds very dear, And he's had his attachments—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

On port, now, and mutton, are placed his affections, And for meaner things he has few predilections; That he still "likes the girls," he sometimes will swear, But it's all to no good with the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

Should you ask him to dine, yet, forgetting his taste, Give him only some kickshaws surrounded with paste; Alas, my good friend, they'd be viewed with a sneer, Being nought in the hands of a Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

In case such an error you'd should commit, I'll tell you what things will his appetite hit, So that you may invite him without any fear Of affronting—and starving the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

First have a good Jigot—be sure it's a wether— Five-year-old—Tevioit fed—and a smack of the heather; A glass of good sherry—a glass of good beer— Then port, at the will of the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

See him planted at table with knife and fork, With what practised adroitness he gets through his work! How he knows when the moment of gorging is near, And fills to a haif-breath—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

With what constitutional horror he sees! Fellows keeping a corner for pancakes or cheese! Such vile disregard of the principal cheer! Such treason—or worse—to the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

After dinner he talks of some Jockey Club case, Or what yesterday at the *Shakie** took place! Or he sings them a song with his whistle so clear, "If they'll join in the chorus"—the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

His songs are the songs of his own early day,

"Dear Tom, this brown jug," or, "In Trafalgar Bay," Such things as "Young Love," or the "Calm Bendemeer," Are all tol de rol lol with the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

When at nine the young men make a move from their chairs,

And say something 'bout joining the ladies up stairs, He gives them a look that their livers might spear, And "the more I won't come," thinks the Bluff Muttoneer.

Derry down, &c.

At length when the time has roll'd on to eleven,

He ends with a glee—"To Anacreon in Heaven;" And beginning to feel rather muzzy and queer, Home staggers in glory the Bluff Muttoneer!

Derry down, &c.

* A house which formerly existed under the name of Shakespeare's Tavern, near the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh—a great house

— "in the year eighteen hundred and three."

THE VENETIAN OLIGARCHY.

The senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers—further observed that of governing with extreme rigour those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them: they supposed them ever disposed to treachery; and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the tearmies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The senate joined to this rigour the perfidy and mystery which characterise an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence; he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April 1432, to fix with the signora the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conducted him to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the senate, was placed in the chair of honour: he was pressed to speak, and his discourse applauded. The day began to close; lights were not yet called for, and the General could no longer distinguish the face of those who surrounded him; when suddenly the *Sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture, rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and the answers he made to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out, his mouth gagged, to prevent any protestation of innocence, and placed between the two columns on the square of St Mark; he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror.—*Sionsandi*.

BEAVERS.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously cocking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its cracking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half-starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prévoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the winter.—*Ross Cox's Columbia*.

GARDENING.—MAY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Thin out the young fruit of apricots, leaving double the quantity intended for the crop. Disbud all sorts of fruit trees against walls, except figs, from forenight and side shoots, which are not required, and, where long enough, train the rest to the wall. Espalier trees must be looked over in the same manner. All curled and blistered leaves of peaches and nectarines should be picked off and burned, without suffering them to fall on the ground, and the trees washed over by the engine after the middle of the day, but not so late as to prevent the trees getting dry before sunset. If the trees are much infected with insects, and mildew appear, dust the young shoots and leaves with flour of sulphur. Strawberry buds should now be covered between the plants with short grass or straw, in order to keep the surface moist, and the fruit from being soiled by heavy rains. Thin grapes in the stove forcing house, or viney.

KITCHEN-GARDEN.—Continue hot-beds for cucumbers and melons. Sow seeds of cucumbers under hand-glasses, and ridge out those which were sown last month, to come in for the first hand-glass crop. Sow Cape broccoli, garden and kidney beans, lettuces, peas, spinach, and turnips. Plant out love-apples against walls, poles, or banks; prick out celery, and thin out cardoons. Hoe out carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips. Transplant cauliflowers from frames and hand-glasses, and plant out winter greens.—*Lindley's Guide*.

PARENTAGE OF ROBERT BRUCE.

This great man—the saviour of Scottish independence at a most dangerous crisis—was the son of Bruce, Lord of Annandale, by a lady who was Countess of Carrick in her own right. It appears that the first acquaintance of his parents and their subsequent marriage took place through fortuitous circumstances, so that his existence, and consequently the independence of his country, may be said to have depended upon mere accident. The particulars are thus related by Mr P. F. Tytler, in his late work entitled "Scottish Worthies," published as part of Murray's Family Library:—"It appears that a short time after his return from the crusade, Bruce was riding through the beautiful domains of Turnberry Castle, the property of the widowed Countess of Carrick, who, in consequence of the death of her husband, had become a ward of the crown. The noble baron, however, if we may believe an ancient historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any view of throwing himself in the way of the Countess of Carrick; and, indeed, any such idea in those days of jealous wardship would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent and impetuous temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce, as he pursued his way through the forest alone and unarmed. The Knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants; and the Countess herself riding up, and, with gentle violence, taking hold of the horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he ran, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. He here remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately marrying the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or any of her relations. Alexander III., however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on the payment of a large feudal fine, extended his forgiveness to Bruce. The eldest son of this marriage of sudden and romantic love was Robert Bruce the younger, Earl of Carrick, and afterwards King of Scotland. The second was Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, who was crowned king of Ireland in 1316; and besides this regal issue, the Countess of Carrick, who appears to have proved a faithful and affectionate wife, bore her husband three more sons and seven daughters."

A REVOLUTION ANECDOTE.

Gilbert Elliot of Craignend, and afterwards of Minto and Headshaw, ancestor to the ennobled family of Minto, was a "writer" in Edinburgh towards the end of the seventeenth century. In that capacity, he was of such service to the Rev. William Veitch, a persecuted Presbyterian clergyman, as to save his life. The eclat which he acquired by this event brought him into favour and practice. He afterwards became an advocate, and, subsequent to the revolution, was raised to the bench under the designation of Lord Minto. When Lord Minto visited Dumfries, of which Mr Veitch was minister after the revolution, he always spent some time with his old friend; and their conversation often turned on the perils of their former life. On these occasions his Lordship was accustomed facetiously to say, "Ah! Willie, Willie, had it no been for me the pyets had been picking your pow on the Nether-Bow Port;" to which Veitch replied, "Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, had it no been for me, ye would have been yet writing papers for a plack the page."